

NUMBER 22

board of visitors from civil institutions is called to the report of the chief of the corps of topographical engineers, to the improvement of the harbors of the lakes, which are so well calculated to furnish accommodations to steamers that, in state of war, may be turned to the most effective purposes, and to furnish facilities to a commerce that is now estimated at one hundred millions of dollars annually.

Should there be a similar saving in the other divisions in letting the new contracts, there will be a further saving—

In the Western section in the year ending 30th June, 1947, of \$835 000.

Southern section in year ending 30th June, 1948, of \$239 000.

Middle section in year ending 30th June 1949, of \$180 000.

Total estimated means for fiscal year ending 30th June, 1947, \$29,851,251 29

EXPENDITURE.

The estimated expenditure during the same period viz:

The balance of former appropriations which will be required to be expended in this year,

\$1,431,477 51

It was a very long one—there was not dog name in the whole catalogue for which I had not lost acquaintance—but if there was any one thing in which he peculiarly excelled, it was his prowess as a wolf-hunter. This was touching our friend on the right spot. The bargain was closed, and he only waited an opportunity to test his merits.

ains a sense, which universally condemns slavery, should at the same time in his written revelation, give us a standard law, and contradictory to the one planted by his own hand in our natures. And the man who says he would not like to be enslaved himself, and does not think slavery in itself strictly right, yet that the Bible sanctions or tolerates it, makes the Bible

By this we mean, he may not go as a laborer
of God's truth and glory, spend in the service of
God a day, a week, a month without the consent
of his master.
Whether the relation of parent is natural and
necessary, and in the absence of the parent the
law and guardian, the relation of slaveholder
is neither natural or necessary as the history of
slavery prove.

who have condemned the act. But it never did, gentlemen of the mob. The verdict of the world is out upon you, and you must abide the decision. The name of Cassius M. Clay will be held sacred by future generations, while your memories will rot, and the nettles unmoistened shall grow over your dishonored graves.—N. Y. *tribune*.

The Unfortunate

Off from the eventful transitions
From the dreamer's sweet surprise,
From day-dreams and state of affairs,
From picture-paradise—
Ah! if fancies might be things,
Then, of fancies, I am weary,
Of the whole world as a very,
I would fly to realms of fancy—
But I want the wings.

Manhood I have never denied
Save before high thrones of Beauty,
To ideals which far transcended
Aught that could command my duty
In the darkling desert
Woman I have loved—oh! lightly—
Young hearts burn—but burn too brightly—
There's not the flame which mightily
Souls of stars absorb!

Tremulous and transitory,
Moths in moonlight, our desires
Die, retaining not the glory
Which held them when they were—
Broadway Journal.

The Demon of 1845.

The following "dream of realities" is given in *George Cruikshank's Table Book* published in London, and although having special relation to phrases of general affairs in the "Great Metropolis" may be applied as well to the business phenomena of large cities on this side of the water. It is a dream to be sure as vividly pictured as stern reality, about which there is more truth than "stuff" of which such visions are said to be constituted.

"I heard a mighty noise in the great city a loud laughter, and shriek of exultation, as though it were a period of merriment, for the laugh, though it was loud, was hollow in its sound; and the shriek, though it was triumphant, was harsh and almost frantic. And I was raised—as one can be only in dreams—to an eminence, whence I looked down on the city, with its streets, its lanes and its alleys as we look on a panorama.

How great was the tumult in every direction! Men of every rank pressed forward, pushing and scuffling, all crowding as if towards one central point. The lazy bloated rich seemed to have acquired new activity; the pallid face of the poor was illumined by a hectic flush; the industrious had flung aside the implements of his toil; there were many men, but there was one spirit infused by some magic power into the whole.

I turned my eyes towards an eminence, in the great city, for thither I saw the people were tending; and strange was the sight I beheld. A gigantic form, seemingly fashioned of iron, but animated by a sort of semi-life, was seated on a throne. The eyes flashed, but it was with the redness of fire, not with the life sparkle of humanity; the breath of the nostrils was a thick white vapour, which reached the far distance ere it began to disperse. The occupation of the figure was unpoetical enough. In each corner of his huge mouth it held a large iron pipe, through which flew innumerable spheres, that all glittered like gold, and were wafted about in the air, like gold, and was strange to see what a face the figure made when it had puffed out more than an usual quantity of these floating erections. The lips forced themselves into a hard mechanical smile, as if though the workings of a still unwilling organization; and it was difficult to say whether this smile, expressed a sort of heavy satisfaction, or whether it was not mingled with something of irony.

I now perceived the object of the merriment and pushing on the part of the multitude. The glittering surfaces of the spheres flashed upon their eyes; and blinded them to all else. The possession of these had become the sole object of those who gazed on them, and it was with the intensity of passion that they jostled and pushed, and strove to reach the goal. The spheres, I observed, were all of different natures. Some when touched, gave a metallic sound, and seemed really to be formed of precious material, and to possess some solidity; others were so flimsy that the least breath seemed sufficient to annihilate them. I, the dreamer, saw this; but the mob below me did not seem aware of the distinction; nay the flimsiest balls were often pursued the most.

Soon a new phenomenon presented itself. I saw several of the spheres arrange themselves in little groups, in which they dashed against each other with the wildest disorder; and beneath every one of these groups was a host of people, who shrieked and roared as the balls struck together, each hoping that some particular one would escape uninjured. Then I heard a great shout of "The Board! the Board!" and presently all the spheres in a group flashed except one, which sparkled more brightly than the others. Thither with delight I darted, and in a moment I was upon it. Moving behind the figure, I found it equally difficult to come to a result; for there was Mammon reclining on a soft couch in bodily luxury and mental misery; there was Poverty waiting in the midst of her rags; and there was Fraud with his bland smiles, and little twinkling eyes. But there also stood the fair form of Civilization trampling on the implements of war, and holding in her hands a light ornamental chain, with which she declared that she would unite all mankind as in brotherhood.

During all this time the sky was clear, and the sun shone brightly upon the crowded streets. And a hand appeared, hovering before me a weather glass, upon which were other weather glasses, denoting the changes of the atmosphere. The hand of glass which shone like diamonds, pointed to the word PARADOX.

My dream had changed, though I still hovered over the great city. The animation and bustle which I had observed in every street was at an end, though the streets were somewhat full. Men seemed to pass by each other unawakened, and generally walked with their eyes on the ground, though sometimes they would raise them, and glance around them unawakened, as if in terror. The day was dark and gloomy, and altogether there was a foreboding aspect. I came to the figure, it was lazily puffing light clouds from its mouth, but there were no more of the glittering spheres, nor was there a multitude expecting them. The eyes of the figure flashed fire less brightly, and there seemed less vigor in its iron joints. Nay, it tottered and shook, and seemed as if it maintained itself with difficulty; and when I looked over the group behind it, I observed that

Mammon rolled noiselessly on his couch, while Fraud trembled, and Poverty shrieked louder than before. But Civilization looked towards Heaven, with a firm countenance, and seemed not to heed the murmurs of the rest. And the glass again appeared before me, but the hand was as dull as steel when it is breathed upon, and it pointed to the word PAR.

The gloomy stillness did not last long. A strange rumbling noise proceeded from the interior of the figure, and the people audibly expressed their terror. This was done in strange terms, such as I did not understand. Some, for instance, would utter the word "call," and at this many a cheek would grow pale as death. Then arose a murmuring sound about "heavy differences" and "a pain" and many were cursing the hour when the giant first appeared in the great city. Many other bubbles had burst besides those I had seen; and even those who had secured for themselves the more precious bubbles, I saw huddle them with unbusiness, as if they would vanish like the rest.

Presently all joined in one terrible shout. "Here comes the crisis," and on this there was an explosion so fearful that I awoke, but not before I saw the limbs of the giant seated in every direction and myriads shattered by the burst or lying in alarm. The glass was gone, but for a moment, as if written in lightning, there flashed upon my eyes the word DISCANT.

Nevertheless, the form of Civilization stood amid the confusion, looking as hopeful and as placid as ever.

Choosing a Wife.

Grant Thorburn, of New York, an old married man, and one who ought to understand what he writes from long experience in a series of articles directed particularly to the young merchants of his own city, gives the following advice concerning the choice of a bride and the husband's conduct to his wife after marriage. We have been requested to publish it by a gentleman of the old school who declares to us that he has seldom found so much truth and conscientious advice presented in so small a compass.

In choosing a wife, let her be of a family not vain of their name or connections, but remarkable for their simplicity of manners and integrity of life. Let her be alike free from deformity and hereditary disease; neither let your eyes be attracted by beauty—she is apt to be proud of her pretty face, and afraid to soil her delicate features. The woman who washes her own silver spoons, China, cups, and platters, and performs other light services in the family, is always the most healthy, the most happy, and the most contented—for thus she gains the approbation of her husband and her own conscience. The woman who leaves her family four or five hours every day, running from shop to shop, and making calls is always unhappy; for conscience says you have been sowing the wind; you shall reap the whirlwind. Beauty is a very desirable ingredient in choosing a wife; you will be proud of your handsome wife when you introduce her to a friend; but by all means find out if you can, whether she is vain of her beauty. If you find she is daily vaunting her (already) pretty face with milk of roses, and patent cosmetics—that is daily pouring water and vinegar on her (already) glossy hair—if this is the case, it is rather an alarming symptom. A handsome woman never looks so well as when she doesn't know it.

Good nature is another necessary virtue in a wife. This, though, it is not so essential, as a man must be a consummate block-head if he cannot lead (not drive) a woman by fair words. A good manager is another indispensable qualification. After marriage if a woman does not pique herself on her knowledge of family affairs, and laying out money to the best advantage, let her be ever so sweet tempered, gracefully made, or elegantly accomplished, she is no wife for a man of business. When people are largely engaged in the world, they must make money. It's a man's duty to give to his wife, it's the wife's duty to use it with the most scrupulous economy.

Having now resolved to be married do not distinguish your wedding day with too much attention, nor suffer it to pass without proper acknowledgment. Let wear a sober smile, such as would become your partner and your life, not to be convulsed with riotous laughter, that leaves tears in the eyes and heaviness at the heart as soon as the fit is over. Moderation in all things is the very essence of life neither fly to the mountains nor linger about the springs, the money thus foolishly spent would pay for all the coal you would burn next winter, proceed in the usual and easy tenor of your way, prosecuting your regular business with all the sober realities on your back; for remember that the harvest lasts not all the year. Continue to treat your wife with the same cheerfulness, on your brow, the same tenderness in your eyes, the same obliging turn in your behaviour with which you were wont to treat her in the days of courtship, if you do this her love will never change. Above all things never let her imagine it a penance for you to stay at home, or that you prefer any other company whatever to hers, let her share with you all your pleasures. By these and similar acts of kindness, you will secure her love and gratitude at once, and she will say she is the happiest woman on earth.

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Assumption.	6,346	11,390
St. Charles.	5,822	12,532
St. John the Baptist.	5,713	13,572
Jefferson.	5,433	11,218
West Baton Rouge.	4,087	4,247
St. Martin.	3,624	4,119
East Baton Rouge.	2,331	4,474
St. Bernard.	2,026	6,941
Lafayette.	78	372
Orleans.	245	1,179
Point Coupee.	246	888
Vermilion.	000	662
Divers small parishes.	1,000	1,000
Total.	100,346	191,324
Decrease.	100,346	100,346
Increase.	000,000	90,978

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Advantages of Travel in Germany.—Of course you can't go to bed, but it is an advantage in Germany. Putting a feather bed under a man is intelligible, but another above him is quite a different thing. In Germany there are two things which are not to be despised, the feather bed and the feather bed. The former are the most dangerous of their race, the latter the most deadly. I never got between the two masses of feathers without thinking that I was in a very bad way. The feather bed is a very dangerous thing, and I should like to see anybody try to smother a German. They are unsuited to a man. What with the tobacco smoke and the sherry, and the moving windows, and the running they go through, fresh air is an article in no request at all. Put a big receiver over the *Federland*, exhaust the atmosphere, and horridly treat with a vacuum, the Germans will be cured of their disease. If any man has a fever, he can put his bed in a vacuum, and he will be cured of his fever. He will sleep in a vacuum, and he will be cured of his fever. He will sleep in a vacuum, and he will be cured of his fever.

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The French ship *Catamaran*, about whose safety much anxiety has been felt, arrived at New Orleans on the 24th inst., and was found to be in good condition.

Advantages of Travel in Germany.—Of course you can't go to bed, but it is an advantage in Germany. Putting a feather bed under a man is intelligible, but another above him is quite a different thing. In Germany there are two things which are not to be despised, the feather bed and the feather bed. The former are the most dangerous of their race, the latter the most deadly. I never got between the two masses of feathers without thinking that I was in a very bad way. The feather bed is a very dangerous thing, and I should like to see anybody try to smother a German. They are unsuited to a man. What with the tobacco smoke and the sherry, and the moving windows, and the running they go through, fresh air is an article in no request at all. Put a big receiver over the *Federland*, exhaust the atmosphere, and horridly treat with a vacuum, the Germans will be cured of their disease. If any man has a fever, he can put his bed in a vacuum, and he will be cured of his fever. He will sleep in a vacuum, and he will be cured of his fever.

In choosing a wife, let her be of a family not vain of their name or connections, but remarkable for their simplicity of manners and integrity of life. Let her be alike free from deformity and hereditary disease; neither let your eyes be attracted by beauty—she is apt to be proud of her pretty face, and afraid to soil her delicate features. The woman who washes her own silver spoons, China, cups, and platters, and performs other light services in the family, is always the most healthy, the most happy, and the most contented—for thus she gains the approbation of her husband and her own conscience. The woman who leaves her family four or five hours every day, running from shop to shop, and making calls is always unhappy; for conscience says you have been sowing the wind; you shall reap the whirlwind. Beauty is a very desirable ingredient in choosing a wife; you will be proud of your handsome wife when you introduce her to a friend; but by all means find out if you can, whether she is vain of her beauty. If you find she is daily vaunting her (already) pretty face with milk of roses, and patent cosmetics—that is daily pouring water and vinegar on her (already) glossy hair—if this is the case, it is rather an alarming symptom. A handsome woman never looks so well as when she doesn't know it.

Good nature is another necessary virtue in a wife. This, though, it is not so essential, as a man must be a consummate block-head if he cannot lead (not drive) a woman by fair words. A good manager is another indispensable qualification. After marriage if a woman does not pique herself on her knowledge of family affairs, and laying out money to the best advantage, let her be ever so sweet tempered, gracefully made, or elegantly accomplished, she is no wife for a man of business. When people are largely engaged in the world, they must make money. It's a man's duty to give to his wife, it's the wife's duty to use it with the most scrupulous economy.

Having now resolved to be married do not distinguish your wedding day with too much attention, nor suffer it to pass without proper acknowledgment. Let wear a sober smile, such as would become your partner and your life, not to be convulsed with riotous laughter, that leaves tears in the eyes and heaviness at the heart as soon as the fit is over. Moderation in all things is the very essence of life neither fly to the mountains nor linger about the springs, the money thus foolishly spent would pay for all the coal you would burn next winter, proceed in the usual and easy tenor of your way, prosecuting your regular business with all the sober realities on your back; for remember that the harvest lasts not all the year. Continue to treat your wife with the same cheerfulness, on your brow, the same tenderness in your eyes, the same obliging turn in your behaviour with which you were wont to treat her in the days of courtship, if you do this her love will never change. Above all things never let her imagine it a penance for you to stay at home, or that you prefer any other company whatever to hers, let her share with you all your pleasures. By these and similar acts of kindness, you will secure her love and gratitude at once, and she will say she is the happiest woman on earth.

We copy them from the *Planters' (Attak) Banner*, the subjoined tables:

Comparative statement of Sugar produced in Louisiana, in 1843 and '44.

	1843.	1844.
St. Mary.	15,311	15,795
Ascension.	10,633	12,923
Iberville.	9,641	16,463
St. James.	9,350	21,519
Lafourche Interior.	5,752	14,295
Plaquemines.	6,001	14,761
Terrebonne.	6,366	12,661
Assumption.	6,346	11,390
St. Charles.	5,822	12